

JULES VEDRINES KILLED IN PARIS-ROME FLIGHT

# The Daily Mirror.

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

## VEDRINES KILLED

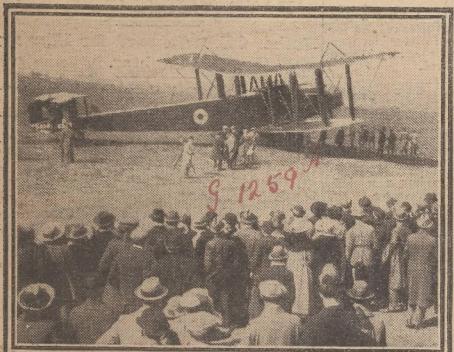
## NEW THRILL FOR HOLIDAY CROWDS



Jules Vedrines, the famous French pioneer aviator, who, with his air mechanic, has been killed. He was making a flight from Paris to Rome, when, apparently, engine trouble developed and the machine crashed to earth. He won many honours during the war.



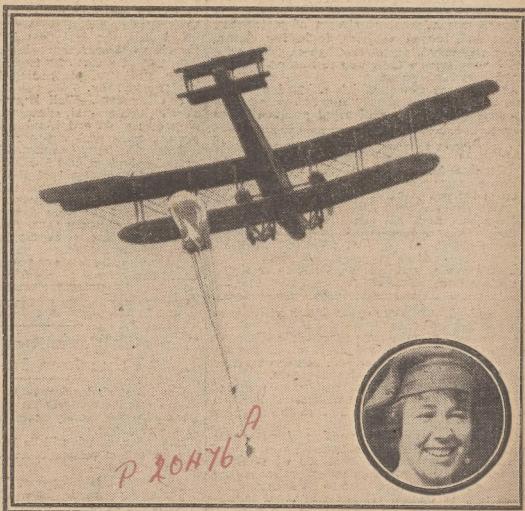
A father who took two of his children for a flight is photographed by his little daughter before going up.



Spectators interested in one of the aeroplanes.



Not so lucky as Miss Boyden. Parachutist lands on a tree.



Casting off from the aeroplane. Miss Boyden, the parachutist, in circle.



Watching others fly while waiting their turn. Thick leather coats and fur-lined leather caps are worn.

Eager for a new experience, holiday-makers journeyed to Cricklewood yesterday to book flights in the Handley-Page passenger machines. The majority were women, while many



children made their first aerial trip. Miss Sylvia Boyden thrilled a huge crowd by descending in a parachute from a height of 1,000ft. She made a perfect landing.

# RECORD HOLIDAY: VAST CROWDS.

**Queues of Enthusiasts Everywhere.**

## \*PLenty OF MONEY.

**London Overwhelmed with Visitors — Hampstead's 1,500,000.**

The sun came out yesterday to set the seal of success on the best Easter holiday enjoyed for many years—a great Peace Year festival for everyone.

Britain enjoyed itself with an ardent appetite after four years of war.

London, with its dense bands of pleasure seekers, including a mighty influx of visitors, led the way. Everywhere there were long queues for—

Buses	Theatres
Trams	Cinemas
Tubes	Steamboats
Amusements	The Zoo
Flying trips	Museums
Concerts	

The crowds came thoroughly prepared. Nearly everyone took *The Daily Mirror's* advice to carry a packet of sandwiches, and at an early hour the parks, commons and country spots outside London were populated with enthusiastic holiday-makers.

**All Bank Holiday records at Hampstead were broken**, the total number of visitors being estimated at a million and a half. The homeward queues at the tube stations were enormous.

There was an early morning queue for the first bus to Hampton Court from Somerset House. By ten o'clock 200 people had assembled at this point.

Over 700 passengers went to Epping Forest between 9.45 a.m. and noon.

Two-thirds of the fares for Brighton were for day trips.

It was curious to note the exceptionally long queue outside the Bakerloo station at the Elephant—men, women and children, many of them from the small streets of the great metropolis, who were bent on an Easter picnic in the country. Some of them carried small hampers of provisions.

There was plenty of money about. The only difficulty was to find means of spending it.

## RUSH TO RIVERSIDE.

**Motor-car Invasion of Surrey Commons—Hampton Court Crowds.**

There was a constant stream of motor-cars, cycles and horse-drawn vehicles, including charabancs, through Kingston-on-Thames, filled with holiday-makers on their way to Hampton Court and Hurst Park Races.

At Hampton Court, which enjoyed a record day, there was the usual "fun of the fair" on the green, the park and royal gardens being

### WILL YOU BUY IT?

On Sunday next, April 27, Mr. George Robey is presenting a matinee at the Coliseum for the Printers' Pensions Fund.

*The Daily Mirror* has given 100 guineas for a box, and if it can sell it again for a larger sum, a deserving cause—support for the children of printers who fell in the great war—will be helped still further.

Will you buy it? If so, write to or ring up *The Daily Mirror*.

thronged. There were over 12,000 visitors to the State apartments.

On account of the strong stream, the river was not largely patronised as is usual for the opening of the boating season, but the up-river launches carried plenty of passengers.

Sailing matches in the Teddington reach of the river attracted large numbers of holiday-makers, races taking place both in the morning and afternoon.

There were also a large number of motor-cars and cycles on the Portsmouth-road, en route for the Surrey commons, now ablaze with yellow gorse in full bloom, while many parties of boy scouts and girl guides were to be seen making their way to Oshott Heath and other Surrey uplands.

### SKY JOY-RIDES.

**Women and Children Among the Flyers at Cricklewood.**

Despite the cold wind and the absence of sunshine in the early morning, holiday-makers in search of a new experience flocked to Cricklewood Aerodrome in considerable numbers yesterday to book flights in the Handley Page passenger machines.

Several hundred people witnessed the ascent of the first machine at eleven o'clock, and at the luncheon interval nearly 160 people had paid for flights.

As on previous days, women were in the majority, while there were a considerable number of children among the passengers.

Parachute descents were made from an aeroplane by Professor Newell, who came down slowly in a basket of the ground, and by Miss Boyd, who landed just outside him. Londoners a thousand strong passed into Mme. Tussaud's per hour. The queue outside at one time was so long that it reached down a



Margaret, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and the husband to many millions, and General Edward Milner, Q.M.C., Royal Naval Reserve, whose wedding takes place to-day.

whole side street nearly to the entrance of Regent's Park.

Three hundred people watched the changing of the guard at Whitehall in the morning.

Beaconsfield's Statue came in for attention during the day. Knots of Colonial soldiers were admiring the wreaths.

Four hundred boats were let out on Regent's Park ornamental lakes in the course of the morning. A boy sailor reported that a thousand people had been on the water.

A barge called the "Penny Struggler" was making three trips round the lakes an hour, carrying sixty boys and girls at a time.

Eighteen picnicking parties were camped out in a London park.

Cardiff has never experienced such an influx of visitors as was the case yesterday, telegrams pour. Cinema houses were jammed. Hotels and restaurants were unable to cope with the would-be patrons, who were often lined up in queues. At Rhyl there were queues for the entertainments.

### ZOO'S HALF-MILE QUEUE.

**Children Who Did Not See Some of the "Star Performers."**

So many thousands of holiday-makers went to the Zoo yesterday—the queues outside the entrance gates at 1 p.m. were over half a mile long and the majority of children seen saw very few animals except the elephants.

All the inmates of the Gardens rose to the occasion splendidly. It was the first real Bank Holiday crowd they had seen for four years.

Buns, nuts and fruit were showered on them—they strolled until they sank back exhausted in their cages. Among the various "star" animal turns yesterday may be mentioned the following—

the new sea lions, who had only thirty hours for "rehearsals," were a splendid success. Visitors were standing twelve or more deep round their ponds all day.

Old Bill, the male sea lion, in addition to showing extraordinary cleverness in catching fish, played a sort of "touch" with his sisters, Katie and Pru, pretending to bite them and bark joyfully.

**The Mandrill**—Well known as the Zoo Bolshevik, this animal, stimulated by an avalanche of presents, showed himself as a clever pickpocketing artist with a paper bag for a hat.

**Daisy, the Baby Leopard.**—Most popular little actor in the Zoo, but few people could see her. Eventually annoyed at the witty remarks of the crowd, she sulkily retired to her box.

The bears had the happiest day since the opening of 1919, were living targets for buns and nuts provided throughout the day; would now be qualified as expert fielders at any first-class cricket match.

When the elephants came out in the afternoon enormous queues of children were waiting

### STRIKE PAPER MONEY.

**Limerick Committee Issue Notes Value from 1s. to 10s.**

The latest strike development in Limerick is that a finance commission is arranging for the issue of paper money notes to the value of one to ten shillings.

The notes, which will be in circulation to-day, are printed in various colours and bear the following words:—

General strike against British militarism, Limerick, April 1919. The workers of Limerick protest to the bears.

The notes have behind them gifts of food supplies and cash from other parts of Ireland. The strike is promising to extend. Gratuitous supplies of food are being received from outside sympathisers, and also funds contributed by outside trades societies.

After attending a hurling match outside the military limits the crowd attempted to return without permits, but were stopped by the military.

The men are shut off from their homes, and friends with permits are now taking food and drink to them.

The guard at the bridge entrance is armed with ball ammunition, the tank is manned with a full complement, while armoured cars are present on the bridge itself, and the troops are prepared for all eventualities.

### WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

The sunshine record yesterday at seaside resorts was exceeded. At Penzance, Cornwall, 11½ hours; Malvern, Scilly Isles, Weston-super-Mare, eleven hours; Newquay (Cornwall), Rhyl, Torquay, ten hours; Harrogate, nine hours; Falmouth, Worthing, eight hours.

## NO RABIES PANIC.

**What To Do on Meeting Suspicious Looking Dog.**

### MUZZLING DAY TO-MORROW.

To-morrow your dog MUST be muzzled.

The seven days of grace allowed by the authorities, during which a lead-dog has been deemed to comply with the requirements of the Muzzling Order in the London area, expire tonight, and proceedings will be taken against owners of dogs unmuzzled after midnight.

As already indicated, the muzzle must be of wire; leather is not regarded as an efficient substitute.

There is no "rabies panic," and the few innocent dogs that have been killed under suspicion have exhibited no symptoms of the disease.

A dog was noticed behaving in a strange and excited manner, snapping and foaming at the mouth, near the Grand Theatre, Fulham. A policeman's assistance was sought immediately.

After a very short chase he destroyed it.

Subsequent examination by *The Daily Mirror* underlined the fact that the dog was merely excited and was suffering from rabies.

**What Should I Do?**—Setting aside any supposition that the whole affair may be a myth, everyone is confronted by the question:—

"What should I do if I met a mad dog?"

In certain quarters a steady, unfriendly look in the dog's eyes is recommended . . . a mesmeric glare.

But there is no good glaring, because the dog glares, too. And the dog and you can scarcely stand immovable glaring at each other in the middle of Oxford-street!

**Brutal, but Effective.**—There is only one method—to face the rush of the rabid animal.

Step aside as he gets near you. The dog will most certainly rush past, snapping at the air. Fetch him a neat stick and give him a whack with a heavy stick and give his bone to the police. A little brutal, perhaps; but very simple and effective.

**Spreading to Midlands?**—A suspected dog was yesterday captured by the Nottingham police, and the Board of Agriculture has been apprised with a view to an order being issued for preventive measures.

### HELPED TO SAVE PARIS.

**Jockey Carried Vital Dispatch Through Hun Lines in 1914.**

Described as the man who helped to save Paris, Fred Mitchell, the jockey and author, who was a dispatch rider in the French Army for nearly four years, and was taken prisoner five times, has just arrived in England on his way to France to get his discharge.

He carried through the German lines a dispatch secreted in the toe of his shoe calling for the mobilisation of taxis and all motor vehicles, by which the French Army was rapidly moved and the first Hun rush stalled.

### EARL AS LABOUR MAN.

**Lord Kimberley Says He "Cannot Help Being a Peer."**

The Earl of Kimberley, who has now definitely thrown in his lot with the Labour Party, made a remarkable speech at Wymondham (Norfolk), where he opened a new labour institute.

"I cannot help being a peer," said his Lordship, "but I am a Democrat, and whatever I can do to help the Labour Party I shall do to see, as I hope to see, the Labour Party govern this country."

"Things must be managed," said the Earl, "that everyone in the country has enough money to keep his family."

Lord Kimberley, who is fifty-eight, has always been an active political campaigner, and has taken a continuous interest in Norfolk county and municipal affairs. His beautiful seat, Kimberley House, near Wymondham, has been in possession of the family for some 500 years.

### THE VERY IDEA.

**A Novelty in Farces Scores at St. Martin's.**

There is something at least novel in an eugenic scheme as the basis of a farce. It at least lends a scientific flavour to the customary gallantries of this type of dramatic art.

Indeed, one may say that "The Very Idea," the farce produced by Mr. Albert de Courville at the St. Martin's last night, is quite a little idea, as far as farce is concerned.

Wily Gilbert Goodhue and his wife wanted a baby—by adoption—and how Alan Camp proposed to produce for them a thoroughly babified baby the public must solve for themselves on visiting the St. Martin's.

Last night's audience went into ecstasies of laughter. Among a spindly company of players of mixed nationalities, Caliban is determined in the sort of part one used to associate with the late Mr. Penley, and Miss Mary Glynn shows a distinct advance as a light comedy actress.

## BELA KUN SOUNDS THE TOCSIN.

**Hungarian Reds Fear Rumanian Advance.**

### WORKMEN CONSCRIPTED.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.

A Budapest telegram of April 20 says:—

The Central Soldiers', Workers' and Peasants' Council has decided on a war of defence on behalf of what has been acquired by the proletarian dictatorship and at the same time has decided that half the workmen in all trades shall take up arms to defend the authority of the proletariat against the Czech, Rumanian and Jugo-Slav troops.—Reuter.

Another telegram stated the Central Council's resolution provided that half the Government Council, half the Workers' Council and half the working-class should go to the front.

The Adelphi, a Central Club, is charged with the execution of this decision.

Bela Kun promised that all negotiations should be made public.—Reuter.

In his speech, Bela Kun said that hints had been given from certain circles that if the proletariat would at least postpone socialisation the Entente's offensive would not take place. (Cries of "Never!")

If the Government were to be established in Budapest, which would undertake to restore the system of private property, and which would subdue the Hungarian proletariat to double exploitation by Entente and Hungarian capitalists, then the Entente's offensive would not take place.

The other alternative, he declared, was action. Every proletarian who could be spared in Budapest must proceed to the front. (Prolonged cheers.)

### THE TASK BEFORE THEM.

"You also know that the troops of the sister Republic, Russia, have crossed the frontiers of Eastern Galicia.

You know that a part of these troops is marching on Cernowitz.

"Nevertheless this is assistance which is still distant."

"I repeat that provisionally we must rely on our own strength. To call this revolutionary force into existence is the task which awaits you,"—Reuter.

The Hunan troops are acclaimed by the population of the towns.

### HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

**Father Offers Reward for Missing Daughter.**

Mr. Burton, of 102, Howard-road, Walthamstow, offers a reward of £20 for information leading to the recovery of his fourteen-year-old daughter, Gladys, from Berlin.

She was last seen missing since December 13, when she left home after dinner, apparently to go back to school. She did not reach the school, but was seen later in the day in Midland train going from Black Horse-road Station.

As her father had been engaged in shell-making at Burslem, it is thought she may have intended visiting him, and subsequently lost her memory.

She is of stout build, has dark hair, with ringlets, wears gold rimmed spectacles, and had on a black and white check coat and skirt.

### NEW SAVOY COMEDY.

**"Potash" and "Perlmutter" in Role of Film Merchants.**

How to run a moving picture business and make money out of films—by Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter. That was the theme of the new comedy, "Business Before Pleasure," at the Savoy Theatre last night.

As the promoters of a film company, Potash and Perlmutter (Mr. Augustus Yorke and Mr. Robert Leonard) sent the house into roars of laughter. "All business is experience for film work," said Potash. "From soap, perfume, to delicatesseens!"

Engaging a stage vampire (Miss Julia Brune) led to scenes of the most rollicking humour and fun.

The spirited acting of Mr. Willis Clasie as a film actor greatly delighted the house.

### THOUSAND POUND SAFE ROBBERY.

Through no arrests have been made yet in connection with the robbery of a safe containing about £1,000 in notes from the Holborn Empire on Sunday. *The Daily Mirror* learns that the police have several important items of information, including a description of the car and the men concerned and fingerprints.

The robbery was carried out between one o'clock and half-past one on Sunday afternoon, these being the only hours that the theatre is left without a watchman.

### NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

The French Bluebeard, page 13; "Right" to end his own life, page 10.

# JULES VEDRINES KILLED—BERLIN COMES TO HEEL

## LAST FLIGHT OF A FAMOUS AIRMAN.

Vedrines Killed While Flying to Rome.

## AEROPLANE SMASHED.

Jules Vedrines, the famous French aviator, and one of the pioneers of world aviation, has been killed.

M. Vedrines and his pilot, Air-Mechanic M. Guillain, who lost his life at the same time, were flying from Paris to Rome.

They left Villacoublay at 6.30 yesterday morning, says Reuter. The weather was fine at the time, but a strong north wind was blowing.

The airmen were signalled at Sens (East of Fontainebleau) at 8.50.

But when they reached Les Faillières (near St. Rambert, in the department of the Drôme) an hour and a half later something evidently went wrong with the engine, which crashed to earth.

Both M. Vedrines and his pilot were instantly killed, their machine being smashed to bits.

It is believed that the machine collapsed in the air, says a Wireless Press message. The airmen fell from a great height, and death was instantaneous.

A small packet which Vedrines was conveying to Rome was found amongst the debris of the machine.

Vedrines was flying in his aeroplane Cloche. He intended to reach Rome via Mont Blanc.

The distance from Paris to Rome as the crow flies is about 700 miles, and when M. Vedrines and his companion came to grief they had covered about 300 miles and were approaching the Swiss border.

### MAKER OF AIR RECORDS.

Jules Vedrines was an aviator of world-wide fame. In 1911 he won the Paris-Madrid race, and made a record for speed in crossing the English Channel, which he accomplished in thirty minutes.

He came in second in the 1911 air race, and completed the 1910 miles' flight round Great Britain in 23h. 37m. 54s.

In January, 1912, he attained a speed of 105½ miles an hour—a world's record.

In aerial "stunts" he performed a record in January of this year, when he won the prize of £1,000 offered to the first aviator to land on a roof.

Flying over the grand boulevards he shut off his engine and landed safely on the roof of the big emporium, the Galleries Lafayette.

The famous aviator did much fine work connected with the war. He undertook many perilous aerial journeys into Germany, piloting men into enemy territory and also spending various periods in gaining invaluable information and destroying important places with bombs.

He was awarded the Legion of Honour, the Military Medal and several brilliant citations in Army Orders.

## ARMEN BAFFLED BY ATLANTIC WEATHER.

**Another Postponement, with Prospects of Further Delay.**

The tantalising weather conditions on the Atlantic—good here, bad there, never right all the way—have caused another postponement of the Atlantic flight. As new fog clouds are banking up off Newfoundland further delays are not unlikely.

St. John's (Newfoundland), Monday.—There will be no start for the transatlantic flight to-day, the latest reports showing that the weather conditions in mid-ocean are worse than they were yesterday.—Reuter.

The winds are now very favourable for the flight, and with seas on the whole route gradually diminishing the risks attending a forced descent, says the Air Minister, reported last evening. The increasing cloudiness, however, will render conditions less satisfactory.

Near Newfoundland itself, and on its eastern side, the surface winds are north-west, and the fog is dispersing.

The Daily Mirror special correspondent at St. John's (Newfoundland), cables when Mr. Hawker made ready to fly, "The flight the Sopwith machine was taken for a 'peculiar bird,' with a fearful voice, and people said their prayers with fear and trembling."

NEW YORK, Sunday (received Monday).—The probable date of departure of the American airmen has not yet been announced.—Reuter.

## SPEECH FROM THE AIR.

By means of a wireless telephone and a sound amplifier, says Reuter, 15,000 people in Washington heard President Wilson's speech delivered by an aviator when flying at 2,600ft.

There was a record rush for the "Victory" Liberty Loan, opened yesterday. The estimate for New York at noon yesterday was £29,000,000.

## Germany Telegraphs to Foch That "6 High Personages Will Now Go to Versailles."

## ITALIAN PEACE CRISIS STILL UNSETTLED.

**Italy and Fiume.**—A critical situation developed in Paris yesterday regarding the Italian claims to Fiume. President Wilson did not attend the Allied Council, and the American delegates were preparing to issue a public statement. A Rome message foreshadows "grave decisions" by Italy if her claims fail.

**Berlin Comes to Heel.**—Berlin has replied to the Allies' note reminding them that "messengers" could not be received at Versailles. The German Government now telegraphs that "six high personages, headed by Brockdorff-Rantzau, are coming," but adds that they cannot arrive until April 28. The summons was for April 25, and the "high personages" might well be told to get there by that time.

## WILSON BANS "SECRET" TREATY OF LONDON.

**Americans Ready to Issue a Statement.**

### THREATS FROM ROME.

PARIS, Monday.

The Fiume question reached a crisis to-day when President Wilson refrained from attending the Council of Four in order to consult the American delegation concerning the advisability of issuing a public statement on the subject.

The President is determined to avoid any repetition of the secret Treaty of London.

It was unanimously decided by the American delegation that a public statement should be issued if the deadlock continued throughout the day.

*The Temps* says:—

The object of the meeting attended by Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando, Mr. Balfour, M. Pichon and Baron Sonnino was to find a common basis of agreement between the Italian and American points of view in regard to Italy's claims in the Adriatic.

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Lord St. Germans, whose motor-car vanished.



Signor Orlando, who is voicing Italy's claims.

## TRIUMPHAL ADVANCE OF "THE DAILY MIRROR."

Our Circulation Nearing Million per Day.

### "YOU SEE THE NEWS."

The forthcoming Atlantic flight is but another reminder that we live in a record-breaking age.

The world is becoming more wonderful every day, and the allies of progress—science, skill and organisation—pass from victory to victory.

In this great triumphal progress pictorial journalism is playing a leading part. It is continually setting up new records.

The circulation of *The Daily Mirror*, for instance, grows larger and larger every month, and is now rapidly approaching a million copies per day.

*The Daily Mirror* possesses the largest circulation of any daily pictorial newspaper in the world and the largest circulation in Britain and one of any newspaper published in Great Britain.

Here are some wonderful figures:

For the month of July, 1918, the average daily circulation of Britain's leading picture paper (exclusive of free and complimentary copies) was 758,039 copies.

Since then the circulation of *The Daily Mirror* has been steadily rising. Here are the latest returns:

	Copies.
JANUARY 1	804,771
FEBRUARY 1	804,932
MARCH 1	861,818
APRIL 1	925,575

In four months the circulation of *The Daily Mirror* has increased by 121,204 copies per day. What is the secret of this wonderful success? Why is it that *The Daily Mirror* is the paper that everybody wants?

The answer is that when you buy *The Daily Mirror* you not only read the news—you literally see the news.

*The Daily Mirror* is a newspaper which appeals to every home. It makes a special feature of subjects that interest women.

Every picture in *The Daily Mirror*, too, tells a story, every story a picture.

That is why its circulation goes on rising; why it is rapidly reaching a MILLION copies every day during the last three weeks:

1919.	Copies.
APRIL 1	925,575
" 2	926,325
" 3	926,912
" 4	925,173
" 5 (Beauty No., 20 pages)	933,357
" 6	952,557
" 7	947,322
" 8	948,296
" 9	950,403
" 10	950,664
" 11	961,233
" 12	961,469
" 13	948,208
" 14	950,458
" 15	953,993
" 16	954,442
" 17	954,442
" 18	954,442

These remarkable figures are eloquent testimony to the popularity of *The Daily Mirror*—the picture paper that has beaten all records in pictorial journalism—the paper in which you see the news. All the pictures and all the news always is *The Daily Mirror*'s motto.

## SEASTOPOL HAS NOT FALLEN TO "REDS."

Bolshevist Advance in Crimea Said To Have Stopped.

PARIS, Monday.

The *Journal des Débats* publishes a telegram from Salonika of yesterday's date, according to which not only has Seastopol not been taken by the Bolsheviks, but hostilities appear to have ceased for the time being in the southern part of the Crimea.—Reuter.

"Reds" Siberian Reverses.—*The Daily Mirror* learns that an official telegram from Omsk, dated April 14, and received in London yesterday, reports that the Siberian troops have captured the towns of Belobel and Menzelinsk (on an affluent of the Kama), 135 miles northwest of Ufa.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

South-Eastern England.—Light or moderate north-east or east winds; fine, but rather cold.

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of  
EXTRA  
GOOD  
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CLAPHAM, S.W.4

### DOG OWNERS PREFER KILLING TO MUZZLE. Pantechnicons of 'Strays' Taken to London Home. "READY FOR OUTBREAK."

The Muzzling Order has apparently rung the death-knell of many English dogs.

"Many people would rather have their dogs killed than muzzled," the secretary of the Battersea Dogs' Home told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Since the new order came into force we have been continually inundated with stray dogs."

"Our vans have been insufficient to cope with them, and the police stations, of which some thirty had had stray dogs for about three days, were compelled to requisition furniture vans and pantechnicons to bring the wanderers to us."

"On Thursday we had a stream of people who wanted their pets 'put down,' and thought I was anxious to find homes for the dogs the owners would not have of such a thing, and we 'put down' over 100 animals, many of them of good breed."

"So far," added the secretary, "we have had no cases of rabies, but should such a thing occur we have prepared quarantine cells and are quite ready to deal with an outbreak."

"The infected dog would be immediately isolated. We should notify the authorities, and if necessary all the dogs which had been near the affected one would be destroyed."

### CAUSE OF OUTBREAK.

#### "Too Easy for Dogs To Be Brought Into the Country Direct from Trenches."

"The fact that the railway authorities refused to allow dogs on the trains has also made us busy, for, although we do not, as a rule, board dogs, we have done all that we could to help those people who had arranged to spend Easter in the country and had nowhere to leave their pets."

"I cannot say that I am really surprised at this outbreak of rabies."

"It has been much too easy for dogs to be brought into this country, many of them straight from the trenches."

"A soldier came to me one day to ask my advice about having his dog put in quarantine."

"He had made inquiries in France, but had been unable to get any information, so he was told to bring the dog to England and then see about it."

"He was only one of eighteen men who brought dogs, and I very much doubt whether any one of the remaining seventeen bothered their heads about quarantine."

"That undoubtedly accounts for the outbreak in different parts of the country."

"I was so pleased at the amount of trouble he had taken and his honesty in the matter that I arranged for the dog to be quarantined here free of charge."

"Since the revocation of the food order we have been able to resume our old custom of keeping the dogs for seven days before we either find another home for them or have them destroyed."

### TEACHERS' 10s. A WEEK.

#### N.U.T. President on "Disgrace" to Nation: Porters Better Off.

In his presidential address, delivered at the N.U.T. Conference at Cheltenham, yesterday, Mr. W. P. Pollard, L.C.C. School, Caton-street, Peckham, referring to the financial status of the teacher, said more than 300 teachers were actually earning less than 10s. per week and that, too, in war time, and any man as 8,625 certificated men and women were working for less than £2 per week and over 71,000 for less than 8s. per week.

A teacher at the Oldham School was worse paid than the railway porter or the carman.

Criticising the L.C.C.'s "tardily-given" increases and the large increases given to education officials, the president asked: "Was a typist classed in the Education Office doing more important work for the ratepayers of London than the teacher who was teaching their children?"

### "SOCIAL COMMONWEALTH."

#### "Only Solution of Labour Problem," Says Mr. Philip Snowden.

"The only solution of the labour and social problem was the establishment of the Socialist commonwealth."

Thus Mr. Philip Snowden yesterday at the annual conference of the Independent Labour Party at Huddersfield.

"We are not party of violence. An intelligent and peaceful democracy need not in a country like ours resort to methods of violence to attain its aims."

Mr. Snowden had previously said that during the past year 139 new branches of the Independent Labour Party had been formed, and that the membership had been increased by 11,000.

Deputations demanding the release of the four men imprisoned after the Glasgow riots, the withdrawal of troops from Ireland, and condemning British intervention in Russia were carried.

### WHAT TO WEAR IN AIR

#### Best Outfit for Prospective Passengers During Summer Months.

#### LEATHER COMBINATION SUITS.

With the lifting of the ban on civilian flying on May 1 it is highly probable that, weather permitting, many enthusiasts will realise their long-cherished ambition to take joy rides in the air.

What to wear will doubtless be a puzzle, for ordinary heavy clothing would be a poor protection against the cold winds of the upper regions.

"We have received many orders from various aerodromes for passenger suits, doublets for the air mail filters. *The Daily Mirror* was informed at a large West End motor-equipment establishment.

"The most popular type of outfit is a wool-lined leather coat, which can easily be slipped on and provides sufficient protection for a passenger.

"We are also supplying combination suits in leather and in white material, but these are rather inconvenient for short flights and are not really necessary for the passenger who takes no part in the control of the machine."

The caps are distinctly cosy and attractive.

In brown leather, lined with fur or wool, or in lined mackintosh material, they have little rolls under the ears, which act as buffers for the wind.

### ABUSED MR. BOTTOMLEY.

#### Hyde Park Orator Fined for Insulting Behaviour.

A Hyde Park orator named Philip Lewis, of Highbury, was at Marlborough-street yesterday charged with insulting behaviour whereby a breach of the peace might have occurred.

On Sunday evening the accused, according to the evidence, was in Hyde Park addressing a crowd. He abused Mr. Bottomley and others, and added: "Ninety per cent. of the persons that have received titles are hypocrites," and that he did not care if detectives were present and took him.

As the crowd began booing and hissing, accused was taken into custody.

Lewis denied using the words imputed to him, and said the meeting was quite orderly.

He was stated to have been previously fined for a similar offence, and the magistrate imposed a fine of £2.

### BREAD AT £2 A POUND.

#### Dire Plight of Bolshevik Russia—Exorbitant Prices for Everything.

Official information has been received in London that the food situation in Bolshevik Russia is very bad.

Practically all food-supplies are delivered against cards, but nearly everything can be obtained without cards at exorbitant prices. Unofficial prices for the various necessities of life are extortionate.

Bread, barley or rye is from fifteen to twenty roubles a pound, meat twenty-five to thirty roubles a pound, butter ninety to 100 roubles a pound and bacon seventy-five roubles a pound.

Eggs, which are extremely scarce, are three and a half roubles each and oats are from 200 to 250 roubles per pound (36lb.). A horse costs from sixty to ninety roubles and a goose 600 roubles.

(The value of a rouble in English currency is about 2s. 1d.)

### HOUSES BY THE 100,000.

#### Birmingham May Start Building in May on a 20 Years' Job.

Birmingham has taken in hand its housing problem. The Housing and Town Planning Committee of the City Council are of opinion that it will be necessary to build 5,000 houses per annum during the next twenty years.

Nine hundred acres of land suitable for housing is already in the possession of the municipality, and at the rate of ten or twelve houses per acre there will be sufficient sites for about two years to come.

There is a good prospect that the erection of houses will begin next month.

Meanwhile the committee is paying attention to private estates where frontages are already in existence with a view to possible purchase.

### A TRAGIC BLUNDER.

#### Manslaughter Charge Against Doctor and Hospital Attendant.

A tragic case of the taking of carbolic acid by mistake is now being investigated at Liverpool, where Jose Maria de Pinedo, ship's doctor, and Francis Copeland Dawson, hospital attendant on the steamship Darro, have been remanded, charged with the manslaughter of James F. Westwood, a ship's boy.

The boy died in January last after taking a fatal dose of carbolic acid given him for a slight ailment.

Evidence was given that prior to Eastwood's death a fireman was given carbolic acid, but recovered.

### Instant Success of Wonderful New Vanishing Cream

Neville's Eau de Cologne Vanishing Cream, the new toilet specific that creates the beautiful rosy complexion, has taken women everywhere by storm. Extraordinary demands have proved its undoubted popularity.

## NEVILLE'S

### Eau de Cologne Vanishing Cream

is a scientific success in the perfect blending of the finest triple distilled Eau de Cologne (an unrivaled skin tonic) with a pure emollient skin cream.

Invaluable in all cases of  
SHINY SKIN. SKIN BLEMISHES.  
LINES ON FACE. RED ROUGH HANDS.  
SALLOW COMPLEXION. WIND CHAFING.

Neville's Eau de Cologne Vanishing Cream is sold in dainty coloured jars at—

1/3, 1/6, 3/6, 5/6.

Ask your Chemist to obtain it for you if he does not stock it, or write direct to—  
PARFUMERIE NEVILLE (PARIS),  
Acton, London, W.3.

Telephone: Chiswick 106.

### LET ME CURE YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR FOR EVER AS I CURED MINE.

Sacred Secret Banished It For Ever, Root and All. After Electricity and many Depilatories Had Failed.

I WILL TELL YOU HOW FREE.

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. I tried one thing after another, but nothing helped.

Finally my husband, a noted Surgeon and an Officer in the Native Army Service, secured a secret of the Hindoo Religion which he said he had never told anyone else. He had the slightest trace of hair except on his head. I have used it daily for 10 years and have not had a single hair grow back since.

To-day not a trace of it can be found. It has cured me of all superfluous hair and I am now able to go to any one full information so that you can follow my example and get rid of yours without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle.

Stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and send me a postcard giving your name and address, stating whether Miss or Miss All I ask is that you send me 2 pence stamp to cover my outlay for posting. I will send you a sample of my beauty secrets free, as well as published Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON  
for copy of same to be sent.

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me your name and address and 2d. stamp.

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IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer. You can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

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Delivered on First Payment of  
Only. You have  
2/- Watch whilst paying  
for it.

Gentleman's Full size Railway -timekeeper Keyless Lever Watch. Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidised Damper and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior lever movement, split Prokes keeper. Price for either pocket or wrist 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark) 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain on wrist 12/- extra.

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(Dept. 29),  
42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.

Page 4

# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1919.

## NO NEXT TIME?

JUST before the Peace Treaty, due for the end of the week, it is a good thing to remind people why it is that American influence under President Wilson has been so powerful at the Conference.

Newspapers—even Labour newspapers—have regretted the fact. Was it because America did more and suffered more in the war?

Obviously America suffered far less than any belligerent except Japan.

No: it was because Wilson brings to the problems of Europe an impartial mind, not torn by past hatred and the agony of old Dynastic greed. It is because of this detachment that he has been able to keep one thing before him—*no more wars*. And Mr. Lloyd George too has said it—*there must be no next time*.

Inevitably the others—or certain others—think of security and power: old terms leading to war, since they mean, “Let us get into such a good position that we shall win the next war.” Whatever his defects, Wilson has seen further than that.

At least, let us hope so! We may know in a few days.

## PRECIOUS LIFE.

WE have just lived through a period when millions of men have been swept out of existence through the fault and at the bidding of a few. Coincident with or consequent upon this came the pneumonic plague, sweeping off other and more millions. At the same time, the Allied Blockade is responsible every day for the deaths of hundreds of old men and women and young children in the lands affected, while the revolutionary violence in Russia and the counter-revolutionary reprisals in Finland are the causes of thousands and thousands of violent deaths in those countries.

In truth, we are forcibly reminded just now, in the season of new life, that “the dead rule over the living because they are so vastly in the majority . . .”

Isn’t it surprising then, isn’t it very odd, to hear the amazing fuss made over such a *principle* as that discussed by the coroner in a recent inquest over a suicide? Has an utterly miserable pain-racked man the right to take his life? The Greeks, the Romans, the modern Japanese—many races and many men—have fearlessly answered “Yes.” We, here and now, in the modern world and in the West, say “No.” We become suddenly struck with horror and moral indignation over one weary life willingly lost, and endure the unwilling deaths of millions of fine men calmly. Similarly, we make lamentation over, say, the recorded death of one infant, and let thousands of infants die from preventable causes every year.

Why is it? Is it merely imbecility? Is it general callousness which becomes occasional pity?

No; it is lack of imagination.

The coroner’s inquest brings a thing home to us. An individual case stands out and is understood. We don’t think in thousands. Millions only make statistics. Hence, this strange habit of protecting even one unhappy life out of principle, while in practice we let millions go to their doom, through not taking thought to prevent it.

W. M.

## APRIL—A YEAR AGO.

Now, day by day, with labour oft unseen, The year fights through to summer. Here and now The pale bud slowly bursts the blackened bough, Casts off the husk, and stands up straight and green. Long, very long, the winter months have been:

His gift of patience; and would teach us now, Too, must pass through months of hardship lean. Waiting and striving, till the dauntless head We learn to greet the sun’s smooth face. Day by day,

Often complaining, we are surely led To greet a deathless beauty—what time they, Who have accomplished, all the glorious dead. Shine forth like stars, and point us out the way.

—REX PRESTON.

## THE FIRST SPRING HOLIDAY SINCE THE WAR

### WHAT TOWN LEARNS BY A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

By CONSTANCE INGRAM.

ONE cannot help being glad that the town-bred population has had the chance, at last, of a brief change to the country.

However admirably managed our great cities may be—and transit, at least, has gone to pieces utterly in the war—the wear and tear of town life to the nervous system is extreme, and can only be repaired in the country.

It is not that we achieve quiet—wherever a crowd goes it takes its own noise with it—but it is the wider outlook that comes with a wider horizon which benefits us. Besides, it should be part of our development to learn about the life of the fields. A townsman may

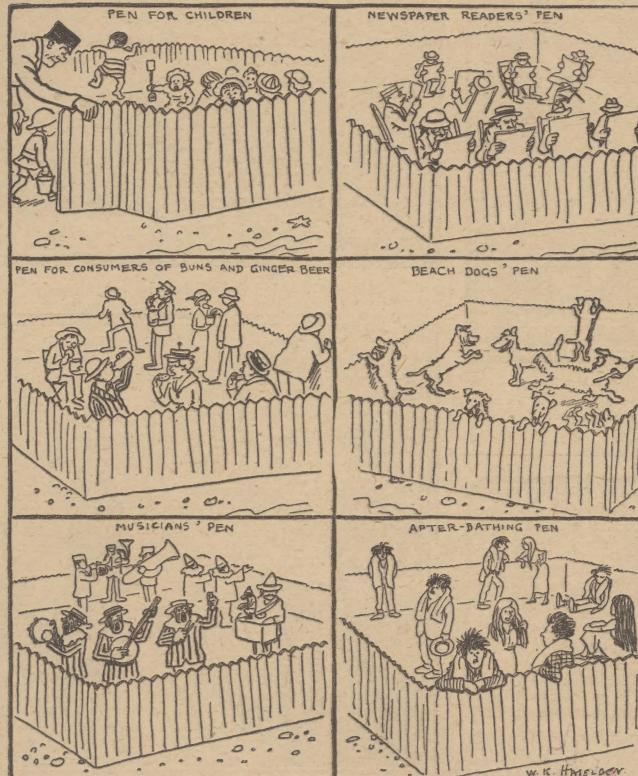
or grown in the open. Are they, I wonder, quite certain that the banana is not to be picked off a quickset hedge? Some folk, if they stay in town too long, get frightened of country sounds. A woman I talked to this Easter could not stand the whirring of the nightjar, and that though she had come from London when bombs were showering. “Take me away!” she cried. “Bird? Go on with you! There ain’t never been no such a bird as that!”

So with the harmless cow. Mooing over a fence in mild hopes of being milked she is called “an outrageous bull.” “Come away, children, unless you want to be tossed in yester evening!”

### THAT WASP!

An elderly lady had to be rescued on Saturday, when crossing a field, from a sportive goat that Theocritus might have sung about. It was dancing round her on its hind legs, towering above her, waving sharp hoofs in the air, unable to understand why she received its advances by beating it with an ineffectual

### “ALL TOGETHER”—A NEW INTERPRETATION.



We remarked yesterday that holidays need not be taken all together. But perhaps they ought to be—in a new way? That is, all classes of holiday taste together?

Be as sharp and intelligent as he likes about his own things; it will avail him little if he is crassly ignorant about the things of the country. Nothing is more narrowing to the spirit than to know nothing of Nature in her manifestations, of plants and birds and beasts. She must be quietly studied at first hand. He who goes howling through the country on a bike, or raising clouds of dust and hooting in a motor car will never know her as she should be known.

And what is more regrettable than that ignorance? A townsman, who was visiting a young woman in the country yesterday asked her whether she had planted the hundred-year-old pine trees on her estate. Undeterred by this tactless query, he next demanded if she had planted the rhododendrons, they being at last fifty years old, as he might easily have seen. When such people go back to work they write of birds that sing in August or make their heroines discover a brood of young swallows in November. Perhaps they find a cuckoo’s nest, or, indeed, a mare’s nest, who knows?

Or perhaps Moses in the bulrushes!

They have vague ideas about vegetables, because they buy them in Covent Garden, but I doubt if they know when beans are forced

parasol. If its mood was bucolic, hers certainly was not.

On another holiday, one summer, I remember a stout boy was seen running frantically from a cockchafer, shrieking: “Oh, the wasp! the wasp!” That was before the war. All boys are brave now, even when they go to the country.

Londoners have more opportunity than most town-dwellers of becoming acquainted with some aspects of rural life, because of their parks and gardens; but some of the great manufacturing cities are not so fortunate. There is an atmosphere in which every green blade withers, and “no birds sing.”

Only in the country can man find his level and get rid of an inflated idea of his own importance.

When the sea is in an angry mood and great waves are beating over his frail defences man need not be a King Canute to realise that there is a Force outside himself to be accounted for and to which he, perhaps, must account. His quarrels fade in importance and his obstinacy vanishes.

Though we must have a modest confidence in our own powers, only unpleasant people are cossckure.

The country helps us out of that attitude.

## BUDGET HINTS.

### LAST SUGGESTIONS AND WARNINGS FOR THE CHANCELLOR.

#### MERRY WIDOWS.

CERTAINLY the “merry widow” should be taxed, and taxed heavily.

Nowadays, when there are not enough men to go round, a woman should be pleased and contented at having secured one husband.

If she is married and wishes to act as a traitor to her own sex by robbing some unfortunate single girl of the chance of ever marrying, then let her pay heavily for it.

MATRIMONY.

BEFORE placing a tax on bachelors, it would be well to remember:—

1. That bachelors were the first expected to join the colours.

2. The bachelor, having no dependents, no inheritance allowances, nor did he saddle the State with the cost of keeping a widow or orphans for years, which will cost millions to keep married men’s (who were killed) wives and children.

3. We seem to be approaching the time when the State will entirely keep all children in everything they want.

4. People who recklessly enter into marriage without heed or thought for the future seem to expect the State to provide houses and money ad lib. at the expense of the bachelor. This only causes further waste and recklessness.

5. The State is not yet exactly a benevolent institution.

Marriage is a luxury; the people entering into it do so for their own personal comfort and happiness and not for patriotic purposes, as they would like us to believe.

A SAILOR.

#### MORE NEW TAXES.

IT is reported that the Government has made about ten millions profit on air raid insurance—paid for security.

Why not a tax on household goods, based on the declared insurable value?

This would, in the most simple manner, rope in the other suggestions of a tax on pianos, pictures, china, jewellery, etc., and be easily ascertainable.

Moreover, it appears to be just.

JOHN T. WHITE.

#### SMOKING IN CHURCH.

SOMEONE will soon suggest having a whisky and soda, a book and a meal while in church.

Perhaps the vicar who does not object to it would like to have a pipe or two during his sermon?

There are not many places kept sacred nowadays, but let us set church aside as a building where for an hour or so we abstain from our every-day habits.

M. J. F.

Spring Hill, Henfield, Sussex.

#### BYWAY SERPENTS.

QUITE rightly the Canadian sergeant down Susset way hasn’t been content with scotching (i.e., notching) a four-foot green adder which he met.

Some of St. Patrick’s admirers will have it that he cleared Ireland of snakes; but I hold that, like Macbeth, the saint must have “scotched the snake, not killed it.”

Keats of Hampstead described a serpent “striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard, eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-bared”: their best fate is the Zoo, however, or prompt extermination.

To the Easter tourist of green byways other than Bethnal let me offer the story of a lost chance at snake slaying. I take it from a quaint book that I have that was printed at Oxford in 1616:—

“The other Genius, which is supposed to have chief power over high places and places, being therefore called Genius loci, was pictured in the form of a snake in which he did faineth him to have appeared to Æneas, when he performed the funeral rites due unto his father Anchises: Adytus cum lubricus anguis ab imis, etc. (When a slimy snake from the deep cavern came trailing seven long coils, seven rings, gently circling the tomb, and gliding into the altars.)”

Envy stood agast at the sight and let it go. His eyes were dimmed with desire. Perhaps they all felt that Genius loci is all right in its way, but that a snake bite is not the very best prescription of geniality; though they did not wish this last at the tomb of their loved leader’s father.

(Rev.) HUGH POWELL.

Ware.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 21.—Mustard and cress should be sown about once a fortnight throughout the summer. The following is a simple method of getting a good crop. A shallow box should be filled with ordinary soil; press this down firmly and give a good watering. Then scatter the seed evenly over the surface and gently press it into the mould.

The box must be placed in a sunny frame, greenhouse or near a warm wall, covered with brown paper. When the seeds germinate expose them to the light and give water freely.

Sow the mustard a few days after the cress.

E. F. T.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to reawaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renewes a man’s character from the fountain upwards.—R. L. STEVENSON.

## GENERAL PERSHING'S SON.



Warren Pershing, the fourteen-year-old son of General Pershing, with Sergeant Joseph A. Welz, Croix de Guerre. The boy, who is an only child, will arrive on this side shortly on a visit to his father. Sergeant Welz is his guardian.



TWO R.R.D.s.—Miss Amy Hill, twice decorated by the King. In 1917 she received the Royal Red Cross, Second Class; now she has received the R.R.C., First Class.

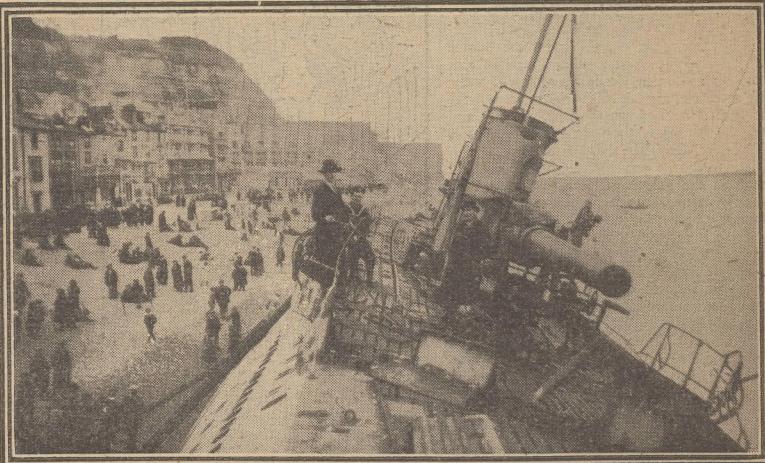


SAVED PLAYMATE.—Gladys Belfield, aged six, of Runcorn, awarded certificate of the Liverpool Humane Society for saving Susan Shaw, aged seven, from drowning.

## U-BOAT PROVES GREAT ATTRACTION AT HASTINGS



The crowd looking at the submarine, which was washed on the beach quite close to the front.



The U-boat high and dry. She broke away while in tow. Note the gun and the damage done by waves.



DOG FINDS PLOVERS' EGGS.—This animal, which is specially trained, takes part in the search, and, as seen, has found four of these delicacies.



JOURNALIST'S WEDDING.—Lieutenant R. S. Eckersley, M.C., of the Bolton Evening News, and his bride, Miss Broom, leaving the church.



EASTER AWHEEL.—A snapshot taken on a country road near London. The old push-bicycle has not lost its popularity.

# OUR NEGLECTED IN-LAND WATERWAYS.

## IDLE CANALS AND THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM.

BY OUR LABOUR CORRESPONDENT

An article that points out the urgent need for reorganising our cheapest means of transport.

A member of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium, and also of the Commission for the Relief of the Belgians in Holland, I had many opportunities of seeing the immense value of the Dutch and Belgian waterways during this war.

I have no hesitation whatever in saying that hundreds of thousands of Belgians would have died had it not been for the canals of Holland and Belgium.

There were times when all connection by rail ceased owing to German military operations, and without the broad and deep canals of Belgium the people must inevitably have starved.

One of the reforms to which the Labour Party attaches great importance is the nationalisation of our inland waterways.

The Bill introduced into the House of Commons which gives Sir Eric Geddes control of all forms of transportation, including canals, is a move in the right direction.

The question that we have to ask is how to get the utmost economic value out of our waterways, and it is a question which we ought to have answered long ago.

### BRITISH CANALS.

England has had to suffer very severely in the contest with Continental competitors simply because she has been hopelessly handicapped by railway influence and financial interests.

Water-transport is extremely cheap, and it could be made much cheaper if our canals were improved and if the method of haulage at the same time were entirely changed. But even with the old method of haulage by horse there is a great advantage over other methods of carriage, for a horse by road can only draw about two tons, but on a canal he can haul from fifty to eighty.

Motor or electric haulage would enormously increase the saving and the speed. The heavier the load the cheaper it would be.

There is another very great advantage in waterway carriage, especially if the canals are wide and deep enough to give some sort of resemblance to sea conditions. That advantage is the reduction of cost of transhipment and handling.

In England only 6 per cent. of the total inland traffic goes by water, whereas in Belgium before the war 45 per cent. was carried by the canals and rivers.

In France the water-borne traffic has increased during the last quarter of a century twice as fast as the railway traffic, while in Germany it has increased fivefold, although railway-borne traffic has increased four-fold at the same time.

### WHAT THE FOREIGNER DOES.

We have several illustrations of efficient and successful British canals, including the Manchester Ship Canal, but the trouble is that there is no uniformity of size, of depth, of management, or interest, and until nationalisation secures us these advantages the canals will still remain an ineffective part of our transport system.

In Germany it has been found that canals do not compete with railways, but complement and fulfil the railway system. Apart from the Kiel Canal, which arose out of military and naval considerations, very large sums of money have been expended in Germany, both on canals and canalised rivers.

The boats that go to Mannheim are often above 2,000 tons, and that great town handled in water-borne traffic so long ago as 1905 over 5,250,000 tons in one year. The freight of wheat from Rotterdam to Mannheim, over 400 miles, varies from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a ton.

The Belgian canals do not take boats of a much greater capacity than 300 tons, and the system is extremely well developed, and is very economically maintained and administered.

Now that the war is over there is every likelihood that the improvements in contemplation will enable boats containing cargoes of 1,000 tons to navigate between Liege and Antwerp. Before the war the cost was under 2s. 5d. a ton for steel rails, and the distance was ninety-six miles. In England the same freight would have cost three times as much.

British trade and British labour are both pressing Parliament seriously to regard the control and improvement of the inland waterways as a sound business proposition and essential to commercial prosperity.

# HOW PARIS SPENT ITS EASTERTIDE.

## AN IMPRESSION OF LIFE IN THE GAY CITY.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

PARIS, April 20.

It is difficult to hurry in these days of spring and Easter in Paris—and the peace that is coming. Oh, yes; the peace that is coming!

Slow—but sure. Do not the veracious pundits say so and the ever-truthful Press?

The sun beats down hotly on the boulevards, dusty and made unsightly by the grim engines of war peeping from under the shade of every tree.

The anemones bloom profusely in the park of St. Cloud, and Parisians saunter through the groves near Versailles and peer somewhat vaguely at the conglomeration of buildings which are proudly pointed out as the place where the Peace will be signed.

Yes, truly; also the greatest palace in the world.

Will monsieur enter? No; thanks; monsieur will not enter. Not to-day.

But he will gaze upon the wonderful gaiety that has descended upon the trees and shrubs—a gaiety and optimism of mood in which grim Nature indulges in the youth of the year.

And, if it pleases, monsieur will listen to that wonderful orchestration that swells from the woodland and pipes in these spring days the eternal aspirations of the world.

Merci bien. Monsieur prefers to stay out of doors and let those who will gaze upon the

shell and the frame of ceremonies that are to dazzle the world with their symbolism. And monsieur is joined in this sinfink taciturnity by madame and Jeanne and Pierre, who have discovered a trio of goats and sport with them.

Or the poilu back from the far Vosges, who kisses mademoiselle ardently on both cheeks as they hurry past in a taxi.

But they are not human, these "taxicars." They have eyes for no romance; eyes for nothing except their unveracious meters and itching palms.

And there also pass along these stifling boulevards Miss Blighty of Bermondsey, and Miss Hood of Hampstead—come to see what they call gay Paree—at the cost and charge of his Majesty's considerate Government.

Miss Blighty, I observe, is absorbed in the pages of *"La vie Parisienne."* C'est la guerre.

The peace will soon come—and then back to London, with its different views upon life. Monsieur would not enter Versailles, but he will enter this cathedral and see a great congregation on its knees thanking the All-giver for the peace that is to come.

There is, in this solemn affirmation of faith, a strange denial of that boast once made by a French Minister that the lights of Heaven had been put out by the Republic.

Assuredly, it is not so this Easter. For faith is exalted in these Parisian houses of God—the simple faith of a great people who, having suffered greatly, look hopefully to the all-transcending peace that is to come.

Monsieur knows now that the lights were not put out. They burn steadily in France. And candles are leaping into flame now that the peace is but a few days off.



AN AUDIENCE OF 10,000.—Councillor Sykes, Mayor of South Shields, addressing Sunday school children. Years ago there stood there as a scholar, singing.

# WHERE THE WOMAN "CHIEF" FAILS.

## DOES AUTHORITY BRING WITH IT "SWELLED HEAD"?

BY A WOMAN WAR WORKER.

"WOULD you rather work for a man or a woman?" Many friends have asked me this question during my four years of war work in Government offices.

Without wishing to disparage my own sex in the very least, I always answer without hesitation, "The man chief is the best."

As a "boss" the woman has still much to learn. It has been no easy task to be head of a room or a "section" in a Government department; the greatest tact and discretion have been needed in dealing with the very heterogeneous collection of women who rushed into war work.

The ex-governess, the lady clerk, the society woman who dashed up to the office in a taxi at the last minute—all these "elements" had to be reconciled in a mixed section.

I have worked with many girls who were popular with all these different types, but directly they were put in command over them their manner completely changed.

"What has happened to Miss Blank since she was made chief of our section?" She has become quite intolerable." The once popular Miss Blank—everybody's friend—has become the "boss."

The explanation of the excessive hauteur and coldness displayed by the new chief lies in the fact that many young girl war leaders have never had anything more formidable to control than a lap-dog or a kitten.

Suddenly they find themselves in command

of twenty or thirty women, most of whom are old enough to be their mothers. The result is a bad attack of megalomania or "swelled head."

One friend of mine, for instance, who used to help me make tea, became chief of my section the other day. She now sits in state at her own desk, and summons old ladies to speak to her by their surnames—"Come here, Brown!" "Jones, open that window at once!"

I look at her sadly from my now respectful distance and murmur "megalomania!"

I have always found the man leader for whom I have worked infinitely more tactful and more lenient.

Take the way he deals with the Government Attendance Book, for instance—the book that every war-worker dreads as she hurries to her office from Tube or omnibus. She knows that at 9.30 that hateful blue line will be drawn—a second late, and she must sign her name below it and take the consequences.

When working for a man I always found that he gave me "the benefit of the doubt." He listened with sympathy to my excuses—ever believing them when they sounded plausible.

The woman boss, on the other hand, ruled that blue line with a fierce glee. She would greet the late-comer with a cold stare—"I really cannot help the Tube breaking down; I shall have to report you." And these tactics were continued throughout the day, resulting in a poor day's work from an unwilling and resentful subordinate.

Yes, I like to work with women, but as head of my room, as my "boss," I should always choose a man.

# BRITISH WIVES AND AMERICAN HUSBANDS.

## DOES THE ENGLISH GIRL KNOW HOW TO MANAGE HIM?

By ELEANOR K. McDONNELL.

Miss McDonnell, an American writer, tells of apprehensions her sisters in the States feel.

"THE British are coming!" For the second time in its history America is listening to that alarm.

Newspapers in these days make known the fact that an invasion of pink-cheeked girls is at hand.

Boatloads of them are coming. British wives—the wives of returning American soldiers and sailors, who, with high hearts, have sailed the seas to settle in the land of their lords and masters.

That's the crux of the whole situation: that phrase "lords and masters," because, you see, that's exactly what the American man is as a husband is not.

Does the English girl know how to handle the American man? Does she know what constitutes a good wife from the American point of view? Is she aware of the radical difference between the English and the American husband?

In short, will she, through her possible ignorance of these matters, do anything to spoil what American women have come to regard as "the noblest work of God"—the American husband?

### A WILLING SLAVE.

I am not attempting to assert that the American husband has a monopoly of the virtues that make a man desirable as a spouse. The proportion of good husbands in the United States is no greater, I am sure, than the proportion of good husbands in Great Britain, but there's a difference in the way they construe that goodness.

The Englishman reigns as king in his home, his wife is his cherishing vassal.

The American woman reigns as queen in the American home, and the American husband is the devoted prince consort.

It has been said that the American man expects little or nothing of his women-folk.

This is not entirely true. The American man does not expect anything in the way of manual service from his wife.

He infinitely prefers fetching things for her than to have her "chase her legs off" for him. He will arise in the morning and before going down to the office will prepare breakfast, if there is no maid, not only for himself, but will bring it on a tray to his wife in bed.

Moreover, a surprisingly large number of hard-working American men turn over their entire salaries to their wives and accept weekly doles from the "ladies faire" for car fares, lunches, tobacco and the inevitable after-the-office cocktail.

The American man not only lets himself be twisted around the wifely little finger, but he obviously enjoys the procedure.

### COMMONSENSE MARRIAGES.

It would not be fair to say, however, that he expects nothing in return, for he expects in reality what is much more difficult to give than mere domestic service. He expects charm, daintiness, repartee, and he likes his wife to read Wells and Bergson, and go to the symphonies and belong to the dramatic societies.

Far from upbraiding her for her left-handed domesticity, he abhors the thought of her sinking into the slough of interminable household affairs.

Middle-class marriages in America (and, of course, the middle-class is almost the entire population) start usually on a very commonsense basis. American girls realise the work and responsibility that big menage entails, particularly in view of the servant problem, and therefore compact little apartments, and non-petentious houses, are chosen.

If a maid is not available or cannot be afforded, it doesn't matter much, because American apartments, even very moderately-priced ones, are equipped with electrical appliances and labour-saving devices to a degree that is almost magical.

More and more the American girl is electing to pursue her career after marriage. If this necessitates working outside the home, husband and wife arrange to come home together and cook the evening meal jointly.

Does the English girl know the plumb she has picked? Will she find the fruit to her liking? Or will she prove the old adage: "A dog, a woman and a walnut-tree, the more you beat 'em the better they be?"

These are questions American women are asking since, once more, the British are coming.

## NEW YORK GREETS ADMIRAL SIMS.



An aeroplane circling the Mauretania, on which Admiral Sims and thousands of troops returned.



**WEDDING POSTPONED.**—Owing to a slight riding accident to Lady Sybil Scott, her marriage to Mr. C. B. H. Phipps has been temporarily postponed.



**TO PATROL THE SKIES.**—Otto Meyerhofer, America's first air policeman, has just taken off in his boat by the Macon, California. He will keep order in the clouds.



Acknowledging cheers. His daughter, Margaret, met him.

Admiral Sims, who commanded the United States Fleet in European waters, received a great ovation on his return to New York after two years' absence.



**RECORD CROWD AT BLACKPOOL.**—This Lancashire resort, it will be noticed, is being well patronised, and the photograph shows a record crowd on the pier.

## FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. H.



Hauling the machine over boggy ground to the aerodrome. It requires a big team.



Mr. Hawker and Commander Grieve.

Mr. Hawker and his navigator, Commander Grieve, are still patiently waiting for chance to start from Newfoundland on the transatlantic flight. "General Mud."



Swinging the propeller.



**THE SAND ARTIST RETURNS.**—He is back at his old place sculpturing mermaids and fish and other subjects germane to the seaside.

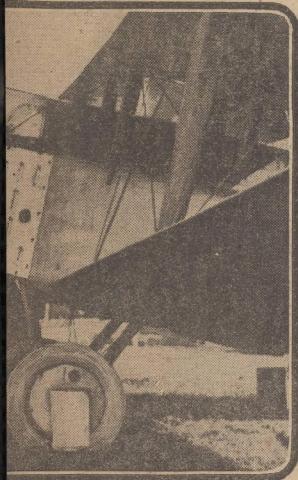


A BATHING CAP junct to the dress and white striped

## KER'S VIGIL AT NEWFOUNDLAND



Mr. Hawker (and dog) with the Governor of Newfoundland.



Getting out on a trial flight.



Salving Major Wood's machine.

now operating in Newfoundland and not in Flanders, and proving a great handicap. Major Wood's machine, it will be remembered, fell into the sea on the way to Ireland.



an important ad-  
s ease it is of black  
a wired bow adds  
etc.



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.—They selected a quiet, un-frequented nook and spent their time canoeing. And the dog swam to its heart's content—unmuzzled.

## REDUCED TO PEAT AT LIMERICK.



Women buying peat for fuel at Limerick, practically no coal being available. Grocers and tobacconists were, however, ordered to be opened during the week-end. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



A BATHING DRESS.—It is of black and white waterproof satin, and has a wide black satin girdle.



RAILWAY CHAIRMAN.—Mr. George Murray Smith, chairman of the Midland Railway, who has died. He was a Leicestershire County Councillor, and did a great deal of war work.



SAND PIES.—A game that always appeals to children. The seaside has many attractions, but they never omit to make these gritty delicacies. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



A BANK HOLIDAY QUEUE.—The long-distance drives were very popular, and here holiday-makers are seen waiting for a seat on a Hampton Court omnibus.

**Clear, Peachy Skin  
Awaits Anyone Who  
Drinks Hot Water**

Says an Inside Bath Before  
Breakfast Helps Us Look and  
Feel Clean, Sweet, Fresh.

Sparkling and vivacious—merry, bright, alert—a good, clear skin and a natural, rosy, healthy complexion are assured only by pure blood. If only every man and woman could be induced to adopt the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of the thousands of anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty, odd complexions, consisting of the multitudes of "nerves wrecks," "run-downs," "brain fags," and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it down the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the principal day's indigestible waste, fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening, and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, bad breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quantity of powdered phosphate from the chemist which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practise internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the

**A GENUINE BEAUTIFIER.**

"Every lady who values her complexion and the appearance of her hands should know of the wonderful value of



(The above is one of many thousands of enthusiastic testimonials.)

This ideal non-greasy Skin Food contains Borax, Oatmeal and Witch Hazel. Add a few drops of it, jars 7d., 1/-, or send 2d. extra postage to

STRODE COSH & PENFOLD, Broadmead, Bristol.

**PERSONAL.**

MAC.—Please come Wednesday or Thursday, 8 p.m. to Wanstead.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face after first visit. Call only Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W.12.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs, 3s. 6d. each. 2 ft. 6 in. long, lace round corners turned.—Mrs. Armstrong, Lace Industry, Oldbury.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of **Eightpence Per Word** (minimum eight words). Trade-Advertisements in Personal Column, One Shilling Per Word. Name and address of sender must also be sent. Address, Advertisement Manager, *Daily Mirror*, 22-23 Bouvier-st, London, E.C. 4

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are received at the offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bowes-court, Strand, between the hours of 10 and 2 p.m. (not later than 10 to 1). General, 2s. 6d.; advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line (minimum 2 lines, average 6d. per word); financial partnerships and similar notices, 6d. per line; classified notices, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines.

Add. Ad. 1/-, if sent by post, must be accompanied by POSTAL STAMPS. CROSSED COUETS AND CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

**DRESS.**

SKIRTS.—Please check, m, nt, and satisfaction guaranteed. 10s. 6d. Hamblet, 194, Portobello-road, London.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE**

[ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old and new), Bridges, Brown dental manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st, London, W.1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call for post office receive full value per return, or offer made, establish 100 years.

SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines.

AD.—Please send 1/- airmail, post, must be accompanied by POSTAL STAMPS. CROSSED COUETS AND CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

WANTED.—Please check, m, nt, and satisfaction guaranteed. 10s. 6d. Hamblet, 194, Portobello-road, London.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE**

[ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old and new), Bridges, Brown dental manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st, London, W.1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call for post office receive full value per return, or offer made, establish 100 years.

OLD False Teeth, Jewelry, etc.—Highest possible value given for old articles. All accepted goods returned immediately, post free. Platine, 5c, 6d. per oz.—Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st, Manchester.

WANTED.—Genuine Old Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, Gold, Silver, etc.—Please send 1/- airmail, post, most value of offer.—Stanley and Co., 25, Oxford-st, W.1.

WANTED.—Clothes, highest price paid, cash or otherwise same day for traps and parcels, Trial—Pearce and Co., 135, Gray's Inn Rd, London.

**SITUATIONS VACANT.**

BIG Salaries.—Good Positions for Youths from 15 to the Cable and Wireless Services. Mod. fees—Apply for Prospective Education Training College, 262 East's Court, Strand, 8.W.1.

**HOUSES, ETC., TO BE LET OR SOLD.**

HOUSE for Sale, at Finchley, price £600, semi-detached, leasehold, 7-roomed house, garden, etc., bath, h, and c, ground rent, 25/-; vacant possession May 1.—Apply Hirshleifer, Hendon-hse, Finchley.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**

LADY REINDEER.—Teeth, 10s. 6d. Gas 2s. Artificial teeth at Hospital Prices—524, Oxford-st, March Arch. Tel. Mayfair 5559. Hours, 10 to 7.

**MARKETING BY POST.**

All Alive.—A sample package choice selected Fish, 7lb. for 5s. 14d., for 9s. 6d., carriage paid.—The Domestic Fish Co., Ltd., 194, Bowes-court, Strand, London.

FABIAN.—Eram-Khamay Cigarettes. Amber-perfumed; delightful, mild aroma. Remindful of the mysterious Charabia. Price 1/- per box. Send 1/- to F. & J. Fabian, 23-29, Bowes-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C. 4.

FOR.—For sample box call, or send P.O. stamp, or cheque for 1s. 3d. for large box, 4s. 6d. to L. and J. Fabian, Eram Co. Mfg. (Dept. D.M.), 74, New Bond-st, London, W.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

A CURE for Diseases has been discovered which is sure and certain in every case opportunity—particulars of D. Clifton, 13, Breadst Hill, London, E.C. 4.

# "RIGHT" TO END HIS OWN LIFE.

## Suicide of Tobacco Manufacturer's Son.

### A HOPELESS INVALID.

How a phthisis sufferer, whose case had been given up as hopeless, took his own life was told at a Marylebone inquest yesterday.

It was stated that Sydney Albert Phillips, younger son of Mr. P. Phillips, head of the well-known tobacco firm of Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, was found in bed shot through the head, with a revolver in his right hand, had read a newspaper cutting entitled "Doctors' Right to Kill."

Deceased, who was thirty-two years of age, lived with his father at Hanover-gate Mansions, Regent's Park.

He had spent several years in South Africa in a vain effort to cure himself, and his health had recently become worse.

The coroner returned a verdict that he killed himself whilst of unsound mind.

The inquest was held by Mr. Byrne, the deputy coroner, who told the jury that the deceased had been suffering from consumption for ten or eleven years and had been practically given up as hopeless by his medical adviser.

Mr. Morris Godfrey Phillips Phillips, said his brother was healthy until he was twenty-one, but then got a cold followed by phthisis. He became worse, and it was necessary to have two trained nurses to look after him. Witness saw him nearly every day.

He had been very depressed lately, as he knew his case was hopeless, and he had stated that he wished it was all over.

The Coroner: Has he ever discussed the ethics of suicide with you? Whether it was right or wrong?

Witness: I think he has in the past. His brother, continued witness, had recently read articles on the right of a doctor to kill a man whose case was hopeless.

### TALKED ABOUT DEATH.

On Thursday last he appeared to be about the same as usual when witness saw him in the evening. Right through his illness he had made references to his impending death.

Miss Marie Taylor, a certificated nurse, said that she began to attend deceased on Monday last. The doctor told her that he was getting worse and required looking after. He was very depressed.

The Coroner: Do you remember giving him any articles referring to the subject of permission being given to a doctor to kill a patient in his case?

Witness: She gave it to me to read.

What day was this?—On the Wednesday before he died. The article, said witness, was entitled "Doctors' Right to Kill."

The coroner read the article to the jury.

Witness said that the deceased made no comment on the article, but merely asked witness to read it. He told her to put the paper away so she did not want it destroyed. Witness put the paper in the top drawer of the dressing-table. She did not know why he wanted the paper kept.

SENTHROUGH FANLIGHT.

He often spoke to witness about his death. He wondered if it would be long, and if he would get any thinner. He hoped he would not choke. Witness had never seen a revolver or cartridges in his room. He was very depressed on Thursday last.

About 7.50 a.m. on Friday the cook came and said she could not open his door. Witness went to his room and could get no reply when she knocked. She got some steps and looked through the latches of the door and she saw him with blood on it.

P. G. Albert Rose, who was called in by Mr. Morris Phillips, deposed to entering the deceased's room and finding Mr. Phillips dead on the bed. The revolver had two live cartridges and one discharged cartridge in it. There was a box of cartridges on the bed.

Mr. Alexander McLean, 43, Upper Berkelley-street, said he had known the deceased all his life, and had attended him from time to time. Ten or eleven years ago he developed phthisis.

### ACUTE SUFFERINGS.

Witness went on to say that the deceased's case was hopeless at the end of February.

The Coroner: Did he suffer?

Witness: He suffered acutely and constantly. Dr. Morrison said the deceased had been given opiates to alleviate the pain.

The Coroner: Did he ever say he was tired of his life?

Witness: On one occasion I saw that his pupils were smaller than usual, and I said I thought he had had more opium than had been prescribed. He did not deny it, and he told me some days afterwards that he had taken enough to finish the matter.

Dr. Spurgeon, divisional surgeon, who held the inquest, said that the deceased had said the bullet had gone right through the head.

The Coroner: What does the wound on the wrist suggest to you?

The Doctor: I think he started with the idea of bleeding to death by opening the radial artery, and as it was not quick enough he shot himself. He could not have cut his wrist after he shot himself. Death would be almost instantaneous.

The coroner, in summing up, said the deceased's instructions to the nurse to put the newspaper article away almost looked as if it were a dying direction to people who came afterwards as to what was the ultimate thing that controlled his wishes.



Dr. Mahaffy, the Professor of Trinity College, Dublin, who is lying dangerously ill with paralytic.  
General Robertson, the new Commander of the Army of Occupation, who has arrived safely at Cologne.

## WORKERS' CHARTER.

### 8 Hours' Day, Minimum Wage and Out-of-Work Pay.

### LEGISLATION THIS YEAR.

#### By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

A great charter for workers is likely to be placed on the Statute Book before the close of the parliamentary session.

It has been submitted to the National Industrial Conference held at the Central Hall, Westminster, a few weeks ago.

**Hours.**—Maximum normal working week of forty-eight hours for all employed persons, subject to variation in either direction by an Order of the Government.

**Wages.**—Minimum time rate wages of universal applicability, the rates to be fixed by a Joint Commission appointed under the Minimum Wages Act.

**Trade Boards.**—Extension and speeding up of trade boards.

**Unemployment.**—Systematic short-time workers to be organised by industrial councils or other joint representative bodies. Restriction of overtime in periods of depression. Adjustment of Government and municipal contracts to fluctuating labour demand. More adequate provision for maintenance during unemployment and under-employment.

**National Industrial Council.**—Creation of a permanent council of 400 members, elected in equal numbers by organised employers and workmen, with a standing committee of fifty members.

At the annual conference of the National Federation of Sub-Postmasters, at Newcastle, yesterday, the president, Mr. Walter Neale, of Cadworth, Barnsley, warned the Postmaster-General that they were not going to submit to a return to pre-war conditions. The day for postal slavery has gone.

Eight hours' attendance was quite enough.

## QUAKER OATS FOR HORSES.

### Magistrates Say That It Was a "Perfect Scandal."

#### From Our Own Correspondent.

HAVERFOWEST, Monday.—The Board of Trade Timber Control Department have come in to inspect some structures built by the Haverfordwest magistrates for wastage of food. The remarks arose out of the prosecution of a lad of seventeen, an employee of the Board, for the theft of 5lb. 5oz. of Quaker oats.

A witness, John Lowick, deputy to the divisional officer of the Board of Trade Timber Control, said that a number of sacks of Quaker oats were so completely rat-eaten that they were sent to the court for the scales.

Deputy Chief Constable James said this sack of oats, containing about 100 lbs, was in perfect condition, and a police sergeant, who handed a sample to the Bench, said he had never seen better oats in his life. The magistrates agreed that it was not rat-eaten.

The mayor, in dismissing the case, said it was a perfect scandal that in these times of shortage valuable food like that should be given to horses.

## JOBLESS COLONELS.

### Demobilised Doctors Who Cannot Get Practices.

An unexpected position has arisen in connection with the demobilisation of medical officers.

Many doctors have been already returned to civil life in response to the appeals of local bodies, and other doctors have been demobilised in response to the general public demand.

Many of these demobilised doctors cannot get practices, and are applying to go out with the Archangel relief force. Officers up to the rank of major are now being taken back into the Army, but there are no jobs for colonels.

### A ONE-LEGGED THIEF.

A one-legged thief, named James Nally, was sentenced to the maximum imprisonment at the Greenwich Police Court yesterday. He snatched from a Hampstead lady her bag containing money and made off on a bicycle, but two cyclists chased him, and with the odds two to one against him—in leg power—he was caught.

## THE BEST BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

### Daily Mirror REFLECTIONS 100 CARTOONS BY W. K. HASELDEN

It includes more than 100 of the best of the Cartoons published during the year.

### The End of the "Willies." How Not to Travel by Tube.

### The Two Girl War Workers Trials and Pleasures of a "Special."

These are some of the 100 and more good laughs provided by

## 'DAILY MIRROR' REFLECTIONS for 1919

### Mr. W. K. HASELDEN'S CARTOONS

1/- Net

At all Bookstalls  
or 1/2½ Post Free

"The Daily Mirror" Publishing Offices,  
23-29, Bouvier-st, Fleet-street, E.C.4.



# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

## Soldiers' Wives for France.

I hear that officers' and soldiers' wives are now to be allowed to visit their husbands in France and Belgium. But this must all be done at the soldier-husband's expense, and a passport must be obtained. How many wives will go, I wonder?

## Coloured Soldiers for Germany.

I hear that the War Office has decided that coloured soldiers serving in British units abroad may volunteer for the armies of occupation. As a result many a gallant "chocolate soldier" will soon be seen on the Rhine. Already hundreds have come forward in France and Belgium.

## A "Powerful" Man.

Commodore Hodges, who is now Admiral Madden's chief of staff, came into notice during the South African war, when he was one of the Naval Brigade which helped in the defence of Ladysmith. His 4.7 battery on Junction Hill greatly harassed the burghers. Before the war he was our Naval Attaché in Paris.

## London's Hotel Shortage.

The hotel shortage in London is really becoming a very serious matter for business folk. I know a number of business men from the North who are obliged to stay at Maidenhead, Brighton, and Southend when they come up to London—if one may put it in this slightly Irish fashion.

## New Hotel.

Of course, this involves a great waste of time to them in daily travel to and from these hotels. I hear, by the way, that another big hotel containing about 800 bedrooms is about to be put up in Baker-street on the same lines as some existing popular hotels.

## Carpets and Philanthropy.

Sir Algernon Firth, the Yorkshire carpet king, now that he is back from America, is



Miss Marie Novello will shortly appear at the Coliseum as a solo pianist. Viscountess Grimston, a keen welfare worker, is a daughter of Earl of Meath, busy with his philanthropic schemes again. I hear that Sir Algernon has given a big portion of his estate at Heckmondwike for a housing scheme for his workpeople.

## Cousins.

Although he is a cousin of Mr. Asquith, Sir Algernon is a Unionist and a Protectionist. He once went on a deputation to Mr. Asquith when his cousin was Premier, and there were, I remember, some piquant passages.

## Later On.

Weddings, like revues, are sometimes postponed. Lady Sybil Scott was to be married to Mr. C. H. Phipps, of the Life Guards, on Saturday, but she has had an accident—not a serious one—while riding. Consequently, the ceremony has had to be put off for a little while.

## A Jazz Wedding.

A pair of partners who have "jazzed" all through the past months have a novel "stunt" for their wedding. Each bridegroom is to bring his jazz partner and walk with him in the procession. Well, it is all a matter of taste.

## In Shining Apparel.

I prophesy a boom in those radiant gowns which are the talk of the States if they are introduced in this country. They really spring, I hear, from the discovery by an Italian scientist of certain substances which glow with reflected brilliancy as they approach light and fade away as light decreases.

## Beware of the Dog.

One immediate result of the rabies order is a fall in burglaries. "Thieves," a detective-inspector explains, "are as afraid as anybody else of a rabid dog."

*R. 100*  
Miss I. Coffin Duncan, lecturer to our troops in Italy, is niece of Gen. Coffin, V.C., commanding the Ulster High Commissioner of the Grand Assembly.

## A BRIGHT EASTER.

A "Jazz" Novelty at a Wedding—M.P. as a Film-Proprietor.

LIKE A SELF-POSSESSED modern maiden, Easter Monday was bright but cold. The sun shone; but a chilly wind searched the bones of those who ventured out without adequate protection. Everybody seemed bent on mirth and jollity; and the number of parties consisting of father, "demobbed" mother and the children seen was amazing. Altogether, a quite satisfactory celebration of the first Easter Monday since the fighting stopped.

## Ministers Dispersed.

This was the slackest Easter since 1914 for Ministers. Most of them went out of town directly the House rose, and Whitehall was a deserted village. How different from the anxious Easter of last year, for instance!

## Italy and Japan.

A man over here on a brief visit from the Peace Conference tells me that the attitude of both Italy and Japan causes some anxiety. Japan's demands regarding Kiaochau and the Shantung Peninsula are bitterly resented by the Chinese, who say that they are hardly in accord with the principles guiding the Conference.

## Mrs. Besant.

My Anglo-Indian friends tell me that Mrs. Annie Besant's condemnation of the present troubles in India is a little belated. It comes at a time when she has been more or less repudiated by every political party; but better late than never.

## Women au Naturel.

A settlement has been reached between potato growers and the Ministry of Food, by which the former will be compensated for crops the Government have taken over. Tons of potatoes have rotted in their pits during the past years.

## A Man with Grit.

I see that Sir George Lloyd, the new Governor of Bombay, has been telling a public meeting that the outbreaks in India "imply something more sinister than ordinary agitation." What with the recent big mill strike and the present disturbances, Sir George Lloyd has had a tough time ever since he landed; but he has plenty of grit.

## "Jerry" Being Photographed.

Our German prisoners of war in France and Belgium are all busy having their photographs taken to send home. This was formerly not allowed, but the restriction has been recently removed. As a result almost every Hun's letter home contains the abjuration: "Send some money and I will send you a photo."

## Woe in the Whisky World.

There is much woe in the whisky trade. Eighty travellers for one of the largest firms have received notice, accompanied by a year's salary. Under the present alcoholic restrictions an office boy could dispense of the whisky permitted to issue from the distiller to the publican.

## In Private Life.

I am glad to hear from Dublin that Mr. John Dillon is much better in health. He is, however, taking no part in politics. He is right out of public life. From all I can hear, he intends to stay out.

## A Promise of Spring.

Owners of orchards are delighted at the promise in the buds. They consider if only spring behaves and refrains from naughty caprices we shall have the finest fruit season in memory.

## Princess Serves.

Princess Alice, whose newly-opened home for disabled men was visited by the Queen yesterday, is a real "pal" of the soldiers. Not half the men to whom she hands meat pies and coffee at the Beaver Hut twice a week realise that she is a princess. The secret was out when the Queen of Rumania called there one day and asked for her

## England's Day.

To-morrow will be St. George's Day—the festival of England's patron saint. It will be the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday. So I hope we shall see the red cross of St. George fluttering from every church tower.

## When George Was Banished.

In spite of the fact that George is the name of our patron saint, there was a period in the history of this country when George was extremely unpopular as a name with a certain section of the community. Indeed, the Jacobite clergy at Manchester refused to bestow the name of George in baptism, regarding it as a Hanoverian symbol.

## The Birthday.

Shakespeare Day sees just one of the poet's works running in London—"Romeo" and Juliet," at the Lyric, where admirers of Miss Doris Keane crowd to see her Juliet. Of course, the old "Vie" has its usual festival.

## The Birthplace.

According to present arrangements, Stratford-on-Avon sees Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of "As You Like It" to-night. I hear that the little town is almost crowded out with visitors.

## Easter Theatres.

All the theatres did well this Easter Monday, long queues being noticeable in the West End very early. It was interesting to the old playgoer that two new plays were produced in the evening, Easter Monday being usually a day left alone for production purposes.

## Theatrical "Commonwealths."

Miss Eva Moore, I see, favours the co-operative theatre idea. If by this she means the "commonwealth" system it is no new thing. In the past it was the last resort of the stranded touring company.

## An Exception.

Miss Madge McIntosh was touring when war was declared. The manager got the wind up, declared the tour finished and left hurriedly for London. Miss McIntosh called the company together and proposed they should finish the tour on the commonwealth system. I am glad to say her pluck was well rewarded.

## M.P. and Films.

Major David Davies, M.P., seems to have a finger in many pies. Now it is a film com-



Mr. Alec Waugh is reported to be giving a lecture on "Our Public Schools" on April 29, at Woolwich Arsenal.

Miss Marjorie Chapman, M.B., has been working at the Women's Hospital.

## A Quick Shave.

Part of a sensational film that was being taken at a cinema studio near London recently had to be done again in curious circumstances. The bearded villain was thrown into a pond. But when he emerged he was clean-shaven!

## The Drama in Ireland.

Sir Valentine Grace tells me (says my Dublin Correspondent) that he has made a good deal of headway with the project of establishing a Dramatic Council in Ireland. He has already some influential support.

THE RAMBLER.



## "Please, Mother, don't forget to order Laitova."

Mothers cannot do better than let the children have all they want of this most nourishing and delicious food. It's so wholesome.

**Laitova**  
**Lemon Cheese**

*The Daily Spread for the Children's Bread.*  
Don't accept substitutes. If you cannot obtain it in your district, send us your Grocer's name and 1s. 6d. in stamps, and we will send you a large 1s. 6d. jar post free.  
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HOLEPROOF LACE HOSE, No. 554. Superior Quality, Silk Finish. Specially Strengthened Heels, Toes and Tops. All Sizes. In Black, Nigger, Tan, Putty, Grey and all colours.

2/1 1 or 2 Pairs for 5/6

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Also No. 572. A larger weight hose

Same price. All sizes in

Black, Tan, Nigger and all colours.

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If holes or ladders appear we will replace with new Hose Free.



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(Opp. Selfridge's).

# A SLIP OF A GIRL

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Peter Lethorn, artist, thought it time he started doing a little work.

The inspiration came to him in a wood at Heathersett. He would paint a picture of the Sleeping Beauty.

Then it was the Sleeping Beauty appeared in person.

There was a caravan in the wood. It had two occupants. One was Miss Joan Harwood, the other Miss Patricia Chance, a young actress, who was holiday-making.

A happy accident makes Peter acquainted with the caravanners.

The supercilious young man loses his heart to Patricia.

One day she disappears—caravan and all—to return, however, with a letter which she was going to post in the dragon's mouth—their old "post office." They meet.

On this time they meet as lovers, and an engagement follows.

Pet, Joan Harwood—and the caravan—return to Heathersett.

One evening Pet encounters an old acquaintance. His name is Hugh Damer, and he is under the impression that he may regard Pet as his fiancée.

Pet, however, tells him that the impression is a mistake.

There follows an angry scene, and Hugh savagely kicks Patricia's dog. Patricia, in an access of wind, strikes Damer across the face.

Hurriedly, Pet strides away.

Shortly afterwards an event occurs which disturbs Pet. Accidentally she drops her engagement ring from the boat in which she is rowing with Peter into the river.

She finds it, however, later in the day.

## PAPER BOATS—AND AN INTRUDER.

THERE was no doubt about it. Peter had really been slacking shamefully these last few days, as though his engagement to Pat had had an utterly demoralising effect on his inclination to work.

Patricia taxed him with it severely on the morning after the happy ending to the ring's misadventure. Peter, with a sigh, had to admit the truth of the indictment.

"Yes, I shall have to start and buckle to in dead earnest," he said. "Only not to-day, I think," he added, stretching himself lazily. "Say to-morrow."

"But what's the matter with to-day?"

"Oh, to-day's Friday—and think how unlucky it would be for an important undertaking on a Friday! I've got an idea for a big new picture, with you in it, of course, Pet, and I think the caravan, too. But to-day, well, to-day I rather think we might picnicate, the four of us. Let's go and see what Joan thinks about it."

Joan voted for a picnic, too. She was fed up with love scenes and murders, she said, and that was why she had come to the island.

The morning broke misty and grey. His majesty the sun had been a little late in getting out of bed, and seemed to have got out of bed on the wrong side, too; but perhaps his breakfast had restored his good humour, for by eleven o'clock they had the promise of a day as gloriously ideal for a picnic as though they had wired a special order for it to the Army and Navy Stores.

Peter II. supervised approvingly the packing of the luncheon basket. The Canadian canoe was got out and the hamper stowed away on board. Joan paddled slowly down stream, with Peter II. sitting in the stern, as if afraid of letting that precious hamper of good things out of his sight. The canoe, of course, would not hold all four of them, but Patricia and Peter went quite content to walk along the bank and talk on—on—on themselves.

There has been nothing original about lovers since some zoos ago, two people discovered the most fascinating occupation in the world and started a fashion.

Some distance past the place where the ring had tried to drown itself was a delightful backwater, in the midst of which was a tiny woodland, not so very much bigger than a molehill. A forest of tall, slender trees rustled and murmured merrily in a solitude so profound that one would hardly have been surprised to find Robinson Crusoe there, or at least the footprint of Man Friday.

It seemed rather a blow to Peter II. when the island was reached that there appeared to be no immediate intention of opening the luncheon-basket—the most important part of the picnic in his view; and so he went off in a huff to see if he couldn't find a water rat on which to vent his bad temper.

He had no luck at all, and when at last he came back from a fruitless hunt it was to find that these thoughtless mortals had begun luncheon without him and were half-way through it, laughing and talking as though they hadn't missed him at all.

After the tea, and washed their hands in the river, Peter lit pipe and made paper boats, while he and Patricia launched like little cockle-shells of hope on the running stream.

Really their own love story was as frail and scarcely less threatened with disaster than those little paper boats.

Joan watched them like some benevolent spirit—why?—and lit cigarette smoking as they laughed the golden afternoon hours away with gay, happy nonsense that would seem so foolish if written down here. Yet what grey head would not willingly have bartered all his wisdom just to be so young and so foolish, too?

"There are times when I believe you are each only five years old," Joan told them with a laugh, "and that you ought to have a big teddy bear to play with! Pet, you are having a birthday soon—I think that must be my birthday gift!"

Pet laughed back, as she watched the last

paper boat, caught by a favouring breath of wind, sail out triumphantly into mid-stream. All the other tiny craft had come sooner or later to wreck among the reeds on the opposite bank—but this last had won bravely through.

"That's one," said Peter, smiling with a cargo of dreams. "I wonder what port of the future it will fetch up at?" she cried, with her pretty, gay laugh. "You'll see, now that my ring is back where it belongs, that all the bad luck's had to take wings and fly!"

But had it? Peter was suddenly inclined to be doubtful.

For almost with her cry he had espied coming along the river bank a silk-hatted figure that even in the distance seemed familiar—was familiar, for who else would dream of wearing a silk hat and frock coat amid sylvan solitudes like these?

"Good Lord!" he groaned, "if that isn't my brother Tom!"

## PETER LOSES HIS TEMPER.

BROTHER TOM it certainly was. He had found himself at Cranford, where he had to break a railway journey, with several hours at his disposal, and an impulse had decided him to motor over to Heathersett to see Peter. Mrs. Timson had been able, fortunately or unfortunately, to direct him to the scene of the picnic, and here he was.

The sight of a white frock on the edge of the little ready island had told him from afar that the end of his journey was in sight—for which he was profoundly thankful.

Tom was not fond of walking. In London he would take a taxi if he hadn't to do much more than cross the street. And after walking nearly a couple of miles under a blazing sun in a silk hat and rock coat he was gasping heartily that he had come so far afraid to look for Peter.

Except for one thing.

Who were these two people Peter was picnicking with?

Mrs. Timson had referred to them as "theatricals." The very word sounded ominous enough to arouse anxieties in Tom's heart under that frock coat. Had Peter fallen into the toils of some designing girl on the stage, who knew he'd let her have a Lathom of Lathoms, Limited?

By the looks of the girl in the white frock he saw Peter, looking cool and cheerful in flannel shorts. Tom waved a limp hand, and Peter called out a rather surprised greeting to him.

"What on earth are you doing in this part of the world, Tom? You're just in time for tea. I'll bring the Canadian across for you."

Tom could see that the girl with him was remarkably pretty and his misgivings deepened. He had expected to find the canoe, and Peter took him across to the island, where he was introduced to Joan and Pat.

Joan was making tea in a little spirit kettle. It was long since Tom, hot and dusty, had felt so much in need of anything as that cup of tea she handed to him, as he found an extemporised seat on the luncheon hamper, with his silk hat carefully deposited beside him.

"You should have left that topper at the cottage," Tom said, "and bought a wider-brimmed hat from Mr. Smith's." Peter said, "It seems to make the island so painfully respectable!"

Tom smiled with an effort and handed his cup up for more tea.

Undoubtedly the younger of Peter's two acquaintances was remarkably pretty; and he had to admit to himself that neither she nor Miss Harwood was noisy or loud-voiced as he had somehow expected to find them. Still, Mrs. Timson had said they were "theatricals," and the friendly familiarity that evidently existed between them and Peter might hint at dangerous possibilities.

"You're on the stage, I understand, Miss Chance?" he said presently.

He was finding conversation a little difficult. He felt like a swimmer in strange waters. There had been one or two awkward pauses, which Peter had met rather lamely to enjoy.

"Oh, I'm resting now," Pet said. "We call it 'resting,' you know, when we're out of an engagement—and can't get one!"

"I see," said Tom; evidently not a successful actress this. "I've always heard the stage is very precarious profession-like painting and so forth. Not that it matters in my brother's case; we're just giving him his head a bit, you know, before he settles down in hard earnest on his possibilities."

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"Oh, I'm resting now," Pet said. "We call it 'resting,' you know, when we're out of an engagement—and can't get one!"

It seemed to Peter that Tom was rather superfluously taking upon himself the role of heavy father with that gratuitous "wa—" when, after all, he was only a brother.

"Tom simply lives for the day when I shall come to the rescue of the failing family fortune and marry you off to Damer," friend Disaster, he said with playful lightness. "And I haven't the heart to kill a cherished illusion."

Tom reddened a little. He did not appreciate banter. Besides, it was not far short of sacrilegious to joke about such sacred things as Lathoms, Limited.

Before he could answer, Pat broke in impulsively.

"But with his talent for painting, you surely wouldn't have your brother throw it all away and waste his gifts by going into business?" she demanded of Tom, and straightway antagonised a possible future brother-in-law.

"I don't know about wasting his gifts," he said stiffly, "but all his family, including myself, feel that Peter is utterly wasting his time with this dabbling of his."

Patricia seemed on the point of saying something, and had to bite her lip to keep it back.

"Please don't mind discussing my private affairs, Tom," said Peter lightly. "I enjoy it."

And then conversation flagged.

## By SIDNEY WARWICK

"Will you have another cup of tea, Mr. Lathom?" said Joan, plumping into the brush.

Then she stopped to say,

"No, thank you," said Tom heavily, putting his cup and saucer down near his silk hat.

And a silence that could be felt like a pall. At last Tom rose

somewhat.

"It's time I made a move," he said, replacing his silk hat. "I have a train to catch."

"Yes, you mustn't miss it," said Peter. "I'll

walk back with you as far as Mrs. Timson's,

man," he added, trying to speak cordially.

"I know you'll forgive my running away," to Joan. "Then you two can paddle back in the Canadian."

And the good-byes were said.

"And now I can have my cigarette," said

Joan, as they watched the two figures walking

away down the river bank. "After that longest

hour I have ever known. Never tell me that

there are only sixty minutes in any given hour.

It's my belief that this last ran into hundreds.

Pet, I never knew what it was to feel like a

criminal caught red-handed until I saw him

look at my poor cigarette case."

Patricia drew a deep breath as her eyes followed Peter and Tom. Joan glanced at her a little anxiously.

"But Peter's a dear," Pat said suddenly, with a shade of vehemence in her tone, as if answering some unspoken challenge within herself.

"And I don't care if all his people are like

Tom. . . . It's not his fault anyway!" And

Peter's Peter," she added vaguely, yet as

though she was the fact.

Joan knew what she meant.

Tom was desultory as the two brothers made

their way back to Mrs. Timson's, where the

motor-car that Tom had hired in Cranford was

waiting for him.

"Yes, I'll just come in for a wash before I go back to the station," Tom said. "And, by the way, I want you to show me this picture you've been busy on. Your ladyland told me about it, and how this Miss Chance was your model."

Patricia Peter that if that excellent woman,

Mrs. Timson, had a fault, it was her inexplicable passion for hearing her own voice.

He had not meant to show the picture to Tom; he was in no mood to listen to would-be humorous criticism. However, there was no help for it.

"No, it's not so bad," Tom admitted tolerantly. "Wouldn't make a bad advertisement, reproduced in colours, for a headache powder, say," he added—and really meant it as a compliment. "You've got the girl's expression all right; no mistaking her. And she's pretty. I will say that."

"I'm glad you like it," said Peter, putting the canvas away.

"Yes, she's pretty enough—and ladylike, too, for a provincial actress," went on Tom. "Really more ladylike than I should have expected."

Peter's temper was getting a little ragged at the edges. There was something in Tom's patronising tone that impelled him to say curtly:

"I don't know, of course, what you did expect—"

"Look here, you're going very eager to champion this Miss Chance," Peter. "I should be sorry to think that that meant—well, that there is any nonsense between you and her," he cried. "For if there was any danger of that—"

"Well?" said Peter quietly, meeting the other's suspicious glance squarely, his own face a shade more stubborn.

Where young folk with their parents are concerned, he said, the other went on with an instant intonation in his voice. A deepening frown showed in the rather commonplace face, that was so different in every single respect from Peter's that no stranger would have dreamt of the relationship between them. "And if this girl is setting her cap at you—"

Peter lost his temper.

"I don't allow me!" cried.

"I don't allow you to talk like this about Miss Chance!"

Then Tom also lost his temper. His red face became almost apoplectic. It made Peter think of an angry pickled cabbage.

"Don't allow me?" the older brother spluttered.

"You heard what I said. Well, don't forget it, that's all!" Peter remarked, restraining himself with difficulty. "I was talking about you, I thought of catching your train?"

Tom was silent.

"Look here, I'm going to have this out before I go. We didn't give you your head for a couple of years, on this silly painting craze of yours, for you to make a fool of yourself and get tangled with some designing play-actress."

"I shan't want you again," said Peter, with deadly quiet, a dangerous look in his eyes.

"It's time we're falling in love with this girl," roared Tom furiously. "And when the people at home know what I have to tell them—"

"You can tell them what you like—and be hanged to you!" cried Peter. "I'll make you a present of just one fact for your edification—and you can clear out. I'm going to marry Patricia Chance. And nothing you or the rest of my people can say will make a rag of difference!"

"There will be another fine instalment of

this fascinating story to-morrow.



Patricia Chance.

## Cuticura Will Help Clear Pimples and Dandruff

**The Soap to Cleanse  
The Ointment to Heal**

Don't wait to have pimples and blackheads, rashes and dandruff and itching. Prevent them by making this wonderful skin-clearing complexion soap every-day toilet soap, assisted by Cuticura. Cuticura Ointment to the scalp, and Cuticura Soap to the body.

**SOPA 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.** Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-two pages skin care, see page 12.

**CUTICURA SOUP** 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Sold in Supermarkets.

**CUTICURA SOAP** 1s. 6d. Also for mail orders with price.

**Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.**

**Cuticura Soap shaves without**



"GEE, POP, IT'S A GAME."



This is what Master E. Anderson, an American boy, aged six, remarked to his father after a flight at Cricklewood. He was the youngest passenger.



**HOUSE-HUNTING.**—The Rev. Garfield Waterbury, vicar designate of St. James', Bath, who cannot find a house. He was formerly served before the mast.

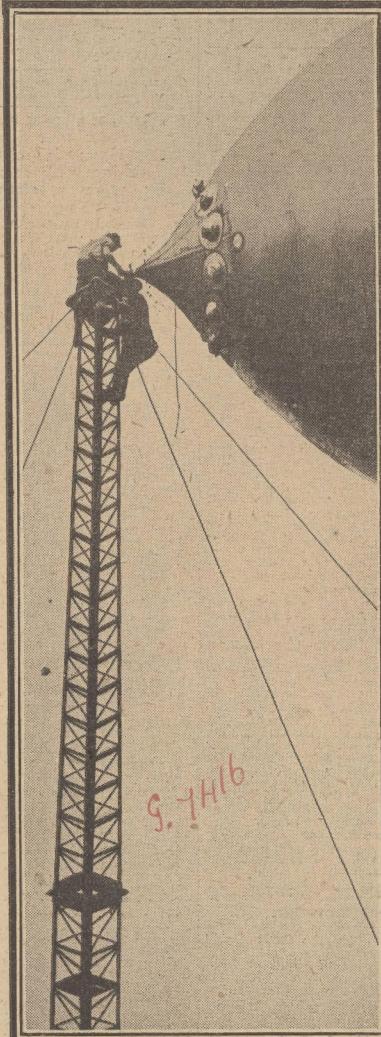


**U.S. DIPLOMAT DEAD.**—Mr. R. Sanderson McCormick, formerly American Ambassador to France, has died. He was also Ambassador to Russia.



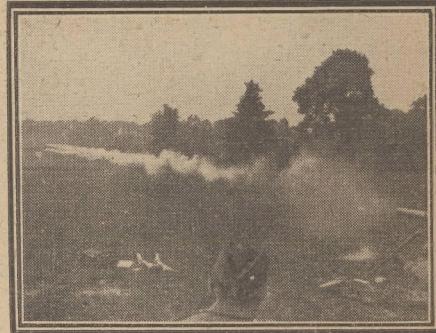
**A "DROOPY" GARDEN HAT.**—This model is of leghorn, and is trimmed with artificial flowers. It is one of the latest models from New York.

## AIR STEEPLEJACKS.



Experiment in mast mooring. Examining the attachment after a rough day in the wind. The craft swings on its pivot like a weathercock. This photograph is to be seen at the R.A.F. exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, now open daily.

## USED AGAINST ZEPPS.



The Buckingham incendiary bullet was used successfully against Zepps and kite balloons. Two are seen in flight simultaneously, and were fired from a machine-gun.



**A GALLANT RESCUE.**—Seaman John C. Hamilton, who jumped into deep water at Fisherside Harbour and rescued a small boy from drowning.



**MENTIONED AT 104.**—Mr. W. R. Innes-Hopkins, D.L., J.P., of Maitland, mentioned for services in connection with the organisation of war hospitals.



**A SUNSHINE SNAP.**—"Launching a windjammer" at Torquay, where fine weather has enabled the children to be out all day.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



**AUSTRALIANS VISIT DEVONSHIRE.**—The Overseas XV defeated Exeter and Exmouth by 9 points to 3. An Exeter man picking up the ball during loose play.



**HOCKEY ON THE SANDS.**—A match played at Scarborough between ladies representing this famous resort and Bradford. The home team won by 3 goals to 2.



# Daily Mirror

Tuesday, April 22, 1919.

## PLAY ABOUT EUGENICS.



Mr. Donald Calthrop and Miss Mary Glynn, who are playing leading parts in "The Very Idea," produced at the St. Martin's Theatre last night. The play deals with eugenics, a topical subject.



**ARCHWAY OF HATCHETS.**—Kieran Hitchcock and his bride, Miss Annie Rose, leaving St. Bride's Church, City. The bridegroom's colleagues formed the guard of honour.



**"LOOK AT MY TIDDLERS."**—Little Teddy, who acts for the films, deeply interested in what a little girl has caught in a Manchester park.

CHINA FIRES GERMANS, BAG AND BAGGAGE.



Chinese coolies hauling the baggage of enemy subjects to the wharf at Shanghai. Thousands of native and foreign residents turned out to watch what was the last step in the repatriation of 2,500 Germans and Austrians, who during the war flooded China with anti-Axis propaganda.



Mr. Augustus Yorke.      Mr. Robert Leonard.

**"BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE."**—“Potash” (left) and “Permittee” are appearing in the new play at the Savoy Theatre.



**“ON THE ROCKS.”**—They are, however, quite cheerful about it.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



**A NEW AMBASSADOR.**—The Hon. Hugh C. Wallace, who succeeds Mr. Sharp as U.S. Ambassador to France, en route for Europe. He is seen with his wife.



**THE SEA SCOUTS' EASTER.**—These boys took what was more or less a busman's holiday at Sandown, Isle of Wight, and went for a row in their boat.